

TUSKLESS ELEPHANTS.

Ceylon the Only Part of the World Where They Exist.

What a sight for a Ceylon elephant hunter would be the first view of a herd of African elephants—all tuskless! It is a singular thing that Ceylon is the only part of the world where the male elephants have no tusks; they have miserable little grubbies projecting two or three inches from the upper jaw and inclining downward.

Nothing produces either ivory or horn in fine specimens throughout Ceylon. Although some of the buffaloes have tolerably fine heads, they will not bear a comparison with those of other countries. The horns of the native cattle are not above four inches in length.

The elk and the spotted deer antlers are small compared with deer of their size in India. This is more singular, as it is evident from the geological formation that at some remote period Ceylon was not an island, but formed a portion of the main land. It is thought there must be elements wanting in the Ceylon pastures for the formation of ivory.—Ceylon Manual.

Smokeless Coal.

A London inventor claims to have discovered a process for producing smokeless coal, apparently by distillation of coal at a low temperature. This, after distillation, is said to deposit a very brilliant substance, the heating properties of which are far greater than those of the original coal, and which is absolutely free from smoke and dirt. The inventor contends that efforts to overcome the smoke plague have hitherto been unsuccessful because they have been made in the wrong direction, and that by the extraction of the smoke-producing material in coal before being burned, he has been successful in producing a smokeless coal.

Electrocuting Animals.

The slaughter of animals for food by electrocution is being experimented by Dr. Leduc, a French scientist, who has been conducting his investigations in the French abattoirs. He has been using the intermittent low tension currents and says that he is satisfied that the system is painless, the central functions of perception being first destroyed and then those of circulation and respiration, so that there is neither suffering nor reaction in the animals thus killed. The doctor is endeavoring to devise some piece of apparatus by which the killing of cattle may be accomplished by electricity with economy and celerity.

The Shy Man.

Women show no mercy to the shy man, for he stands outside of the compass of convention. Could he break out all might be saved; the man might be permanently cured. But he cannot. He has been brought up to respect convention. His muscles may be of steel, his heart of fire, but in his soul the spirit of diffidence holds him in a vice. In a drawing room he stands gaping, quaking, a prey to introspective torment—he who would perhaps storm a rampart with a triumphant mile o' his lips.—London Observer.

Hanging Pictures Dangerously.

"Railroad casualties receive such wide publicity," said an insurance man, "that there is a common belief on the part of the public that one is more liable to accidents while traveling than when living the simple life in the confines of his home. As a matter of fact, statistics show that accident insurance companies pay more money to people who get hurt hanging pictures or taking stoves apart than they do to the victims of head-on collisions. It sounds strange, but it's the truth."—Kansas City Journal.

Three Men to Move Book.

There lies in the British Museum the largest book yet printed, a colossal atlas of engraved ancient Dutch maps. It takes three men to move it from the giant book case in which it is stored in the library of the museum. It is bound in leather, magnificently decorated, and is fastened with clasps of solid silver, richly gilt. It is nearly seven feet high and weighs 800 pounds and was presented to King Charles II. before he left Holland in the year 1660.

Valuable East African Forest.

The Colonial Office recently sent out an expert to report on the Kenya forest, in the East Africa protectorate. He finds the forest extends 187 miles long by eight miles broad, and comprises 1,000,000 acres of timber. Taking the average value of the 2½d. per cubic foot, this works out to £23 per acre, or a total value for the whole forest of £23,000,000.—London Tit-Bits.

Dead Historians.

I for my part believe in the dead historians. I glory in the possession of some hundreds of volumes by them. A great deal of cant is talked and written on this subject. There is an idea in some minds that a book on history to be good must be new. In nine cases out of ten the new book is a common-place re-statement of facts that were better presented by an older writer.—The Sphere.

A Man and a Woman.

A man's idea of being stylishly dressed is to wear something in which he looks atrociously bad; a woman's to wear something no other woman can duplicate.

WITH THE "BREAD LINE"

A Thousand Men Are Fed Every Night.

THE BOWERY MISSION

At this Place and at Fleischmann's May Be Found the Men in Actual Need—It is the Aim of These Places to Send Away No Hungry Person.

The two policemen who were standing at the corner of Canal street and the Bowery as I approached them looked me over when they saw I was about to interrupt their conversation. It was anything but a pleasant sight; the coat I had borrowed for the evening was none too good, and the old shoes I wore were not waterproof. If my object poverty was assumed, I felt a semblance of the real thing, for I was cold and tired after tramping up and down the muddy streets for an hour.

"Where kin a feller git a cup o' coffee 'r a handout?" I asked.

One of the officers smiled affably. "Two doors up," he said, indicating one of the numerous five and ten-cent feeding places, of which there are one or two in every block in this neighborhood.

"I didn't mean that kind," I replied. "I've got to find a place where there ain't a price on the grub."

"I guess the bread line at Fleischmann's or the Bowery Mission's the only place, then, Jack," said the officer as he turned his back on me. So I slouched along to 55 Bowery, where a sign in the window, reading, "Bowery Mission—Services Every Evening," indicated that I had found the right place. I looked in the door.

The big room, filled with chairs, was dimly lighted, and on the platform at the far end, a man was moving some chairs around.

"Nothin' doin' yet, bo," said a rough-looking fellow. "They don't give ye no grub until 1 o'clock."

This was disheartening, or would have been, had I really needed the food, for it was only a little after eleven. "I'm goin' up ter the bakery," the tramp continued. "Ye git your at 12 sharp up there."

So we ambled up the Bowery to Eighth street, and from there to Tenth street and Fourth avenue. Already the waiting line extended from the rear door of the bakery around the corner to the entrance of Grace church. I dropped into the procession which in a few moments reached up Broadway to Twelfth street. I had been in the line but a short time when a clock nearby sounded for midnight. The line began to move along and the waiting men on either side of me cheered up a bit. There was very little conversation, however. Now and then some of them muttered curses, and once when a sightseeing automobile stopped at the corner the curses became quite audible.

After the line of waiting men—over 600 in number, as I ascertained—had had their bread and coffee, most of them dispersed, though a few "repeated" in order to get a second helping. A number of them hung around until they could get a chance to ask the manager of the restaurant for work. But there was no chance for any one, though the refusal was not made unpleasantly.

From the bakery I went back to the Bowery Mission.

A thousand men are fed every night at the Bowery Mission—sometimes more. It is the aim at both this place and at Fleischmann's to send no one away hungry, but just now the demand is much in excess of that usual at this time of year.

One sees at these two places the men who are in actual need of food and drink. The street beggars are in nine cases out of ten unworthy of notice. But the man or woman who doubts the distress—the real need of food among the unemployed—should spend a couple of hours at the two places I have described, and he or she will be convinced that there is no lack of opportunity for the offices of the Good Samaritan, and no excessive crowding in the ranks of helpless of unfortunate humanity.

RODERIC C. PENFIELD.

Bronze Statue of Schiller.

The bronze statue of Schiller by Hermann Matzen, which is to be erected in Cleveland by German citizens, has been completed in Berlin. The poet is seated in an arm chair. A Berlin paper is quoted as remarking apropos that "the German who goes to America becomes an American in all that the word implies, but even unto the third generation he is loyal to German poetry and German song."

Good Roads.

Out of the 900 towns in the State of New York, 600 have voted to have their roads built under the Fuller-Plank Act, or, as it is generally called, the money system. The matter is now optional with the towns, but in the opinion of persons who have given the matter considerable attention the idea of making it compulsory is favored.—Good Roads Magazine.

The Erzberg, Austria's iron mountain, will furnish ore for 1,000 more years.

SELLS HIS BLOOD AT BARGAIN RATE

Man Charges \$10 to Give Up 15 Ounces of Life Fluid to Save Boy's Life.

PATIENT'S FATHER CLOSES DEAL

Transfusion Operation is Made as Soon as the Bargain Between Buyer and Seller Was Struck—Man and Boy Eyed Each Other During Operation.

New York City.—Human blood went at bargain-counter prices in Bellevue Hospital when for \$10 a guest of Mills Hotel No. 3 sold fifteen ounces of his life fluid, thereby probably saving the life of John Dennison, 15 years old, a patient suffering from malignant growth on the right leg. There was nothing heroic about the manner in which the man sold his blood. It was purely a business proposition. The Mills Hotel man needed the ten-spot and felt he could spare the blood. The father of the patient, though poor, felt he could spare the \$10 in view of his son's need for the fresh blood.

Striking a bargain between buyer and seller was easy. Dennison's father went to Mills Hotel No. 3 and announced he was in the market for human blood. He explained that his son was in Bellevue Hospital and that the surgeons were anxious to transfuse the blood of a healthy person into the body of the boy.

"The doctors want a strong man who is healthy in every way," the father explained.

A guest registered as Mark Owen, who refused to tell anything further about himself, stepped forward, and remarked he would like to know more about it.

Big, broad-shouldered, with the glow of health in his cheeks, he looked as if he would pass the test of the physicians.

"I guess you'll do," said Dennison. "How much blood do you want?" asked Owen.

"Fifteen ounces," "How much do I get?" "Ten dollars."

"I'm your man," and the bargain was struck. The rate was 66 2-3 cents an ounce.

Up to Bellevue Hospital marched Dennison and Owen. The surgeons examined the man who was willing to sell fifteen ounces of his blood for \$10, and told him he would do. The nature of the operation then was explained to him.

He was told that the patient was suffering from what is known as sarcoma, a malignant growth. To save the boy's life it was necessary to take from his body about sixteen ounces of the impure blood and transfuse in the body about fifteen ounces of healthy fluid.

"I don't want to be chloroformed during the operation," Owen said. "No anaesthetics will be given," replied one of the surgeons. "We'll deaden the pain by an injection of cocaine."

"Go ahead," said Owen. "I'm ready."

Dennison was placed on the operating table and Owen was laid on another table. Between the two was a narrow table upon which the boy and the man each placed an arm. The surgeons made an incision in the boy's upper arm and blood was permitted to flow from the upper part of the median vein, while the lower part was closed. In this way the boy was relieved of about sixteen ounces of his impure and un-nourished blood. An incision then was made in the forearm of the man. The surgeons rapidly connected the lower ligament of the man's radial artery with the upper vein of the boy's arm, and the blood of the man began to pass into the body of the boy.

Dennison and Owen watched each other coolly throughout the operation. Not a whimper came from the boy, not a groan from the man. When the operation was over the boy's temperature showed marked improvement.

Owen was weak after the operation. He took a stimulant and then left the hospital, not forgetting, of course, to collect his \$10 before leaving.

BURGULARS' GAZETTE IN RUSSIA.

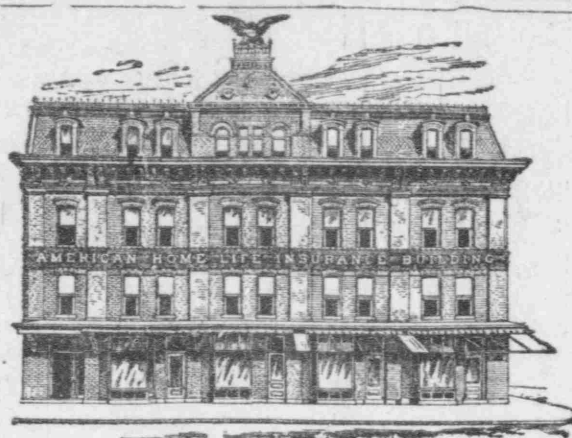
"Trades Paper" Contains All the News of the "Craft."

St. Petersburg.—A "trade paper" for burglars is now published in St. Petersburg. It is called the "Bostatska Gazette," or the "Barefooted Gazette"—the title being apparently an allusion to the stealthy ways of its readers.

The paper contains full reports of the latest thefts and burglaries, articles by experts on the art of burglary and what to avoid in pursuing it, and columns of advice and hints to help the beginner. Naturally the paper is published in strict secrecy, but the police will sooner or later discover its printing office and suppress it.

Paris Abates a Nuisance.

The Paris prefect of police has decided that in future no licenses to play barrel organs in that city will be granted.



SICK AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE UP TO \$25.00 PER WEEK
WHOLE LIFE INSURANCE ON VERY LIBERAL TERMS

PAYABLE ONE HOUR AFTER DEATH.

AMERICAN HOME LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
FIFTH and G Streets N. W. Washington, D. C.

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR.

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating \$3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a blanket. If a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have, these Negroes—these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars—will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores and what other lines of business will now make an effort to divert to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

DEATH TRAP FOR BIRDS.

Lighthouses on the Maine Coast Attract and Kill Thousands.

One of the keepers who came ashore from Boon Island recently tells the story of the strange death encountered by thousands of the migratory birds every spring. Flying along the coast at night they are instantly attracted by the powerful light from the watch tower, as moths are drawn to a candle. Thousands of these birds in their passage north fly with full force against the thick glass of the brilliantly lighted lantern. Stunned to death they fall to the rocks below or scale away for a little distance and flutter helplessly into the water. The light of morning sometimes reveals the rocks covered with the little creatures whose journey to their summer homes has met this sudden and fatal termination. Hundreds of species are found among the unfortunate little tourists. Most of them are easily recognized as belonging to the various common classes of song birds. But very often large birds of beautiful plumage come to their final resting place in this manner upon the bleak rocks, of Boon Island. On one occasion several years ago the thick glass of the lantern was shattered to atoms by the impact of some strange bird of powerful bill.—York Transcript.

Fires Started by Moths.

Moths and flames are universally connected, yet few people suspect that danger could arise therefrom. The insects are of such frail structure that generally they get destroyed before it is possible for them to inflict injury, and it is hardly creditable that the wings would ignite and retain the flames long enough to enable the moth to fly to its surroundings.

That, however, has occurred. The moth was a very large one and its wings must have been very dry, so that when it floundered through the flame it set fire to one wing and darted out to a curtain nearby which at once flared up. It is possible that many summer evening fires in the country could be attributed to a source of this kind. It is notorious that mysterious fires often arise at sunset in the hot months.—Strand Magazine.

As History Might Be Taught.

Another way of teaching history which the schools might adopt has apparently not appealed to them. A good newspaper, if the teacher knows how to interpret its daily record, may stimulate an interest in history itself. If the pupil can be taught the continuity and relation of events, an awakened interest in the daily happenings will arouse a desire to trace them back through preceding stages. It is the break in continuity between the past and the immediate present that deadens enthusiasm. By studying history backward from the immediate present this chasm would be bridged and the passion for tracing to cause stimulated.—Boston Transcript.

STRATEGICAL USES OF TAILS.

The Clever Little Weasel and His Means of Defense.

Take another of our animals, a fierce little weasel, clad in summer in a coat of brown, in winter turning white, but always with a jet black tip to the tail. The ermine, as it is incorrectly called in its winter coat, has an easy time of it, sneaking upon the mice and birds upon which it preys, but when a hawk takes after it in an open field in the sunlight or at owl in the moonlight, it would have but short shrift with all its sinuous leaping, were it not that the black tail tip is so conspicuous that it constantly attracts the eye and allows the pure white of the body to be confused with the snow. Even when we place a dead weasel on the snow and look at it from a distance, we realize how true this is, and how valuable must be the pencil tufts of black hairs to this little vermin who spends his life in hunting or being hunted.—The Outing Magazine.

Everyone of Them a Bird.

A current newspaper item is as follows: "The wife of a Methodist minister in West Virginia, has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge; her first husband was named Robin; her second husband, Sparrow; and the present one's name is Quayle. There are now two young Robins, one Sparrow, and three little Quayles in the family. One grandfather was a Swan, and another was a Jay; but he's dead and now a bird of Paradise."

"They live on Hawk-ave., Engle-ville, Canary Islands, and the fellow who wrote this article is a lyre bird and an interesting relative of the family."

Arctic Dog Life.

Nowhere in the world has the dog such unrestricted right of way as in our most northerly possession—Alaska. In winter, when the more than 60,000 square miles of territory are sealed up in solid ice, dogs are almost the sole means of getting from place to place—in fact, they seem necessary to life itself.

The aristocrats of Arctic dog life are the mail teams in the service of the United States Government. They are to-day a superior breed to the dogs employed some half dozen years ago before great gold discoveries demanded increased mail service.—St. Nicholas.

Names that Don't Name.

Many chemical names convey no exact idea of the things they stand for. Oil of vitriol is no oil, neither are oils of turpentine and kerosene. Copperas is an iron compound and contains no copper. Salts of lemon is the extremely poisonous oxalic acid. Carbolic acid is not an acid but an alcohol. Cobalt contains none of that metal but arsenic. Soda water has no trace of soda, and sugar of lead has no sugar; cream of tartar has nothing of cream, nor milk of lime any milk. German silver has no silver and blacklead no lead.

Dogs Around Blacksmith Shops.

Two or three dogs are nearly always to be found loafing about every blacksmith shop. This fact is so well recognized that detectives when sent out after valuable dogs that have been lost invariably visit first all the blacksmith shops in the neighborhood. The reason why dogs visit the blacksmith shops is that they love inordinately the odor and the taste of burning hoofs. They sniff the odor as a woman sniffs a rose, and they eat the hoof parings as a gourmet eats truffles.—Minneapolis Journal.

Supply of Gold.

It is mainly from Africa, America and Australia that the world draws its supply of gold, some \$400,000,000 worth won regularly every year. Africa leads with about \$150,000,000; next comes the United States with about \$95,000,000; Australia ranks third with some \$85,000,000, while Russia, both in Europe and Asia, Mexico, Canada and several other countries, make up the remainder.

A Long Sleep.

An astonishing trance case has come to light in Berlin. A clerk, aged 46—a healthy normal man—suddenly fell asleep in June 1904. All efforts to awaken him were unsuccessful and the sleeper since then has never opened his eyes. He breathes regularly and swallows his food mechanically, but is insensible to the severest attempts to arouse him.

Lace Curtains.

Lace window curtains should always be soaked for an hour in cold water to which a little borax has been added, before being put into warm sun. This gets out the smoky smell that is sometimes so noticeable in curtains that have been used in a city.

Life in Germany.

Every one who has travelled in Germany is familiar with the word "verboten"—forbidden. He finds it is verboten to almost everything which he thinks he has been accustomed to do in the United States.—Chicago Standard.

A Valuable Relic.

A thirteenth century copper and gilt eborium, supposed to have come from Malmesbury abbey, was sold by auction in London for \$30,000.

Mme. Davis,



BORN CLAIRVOYANT AND CARD READER TELLS ABOUT BUSINESS.

1228 25th St. N.W., Washington, D. C.

Gives Luck to All.

N. B.—No letters answered unless accompanied by stamp.

N. B.—Mention The Bee.